



## Our new planet



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### Chapter 1 by DADRIEN WHITTINGTON

Earth has fallen. Humans are down to the last thousand. We have no choice but to abandon the planet and move on. To find our new planet.

### Chapter 2 by Phantim



We had sent out probes to dozens of worlds, but it could be years before we heard back from them. There was no more time to wait.

I looked down at my computer screen. Flipping between the tabs... Hg-231... PI145-89... the different possible worlds slid across my screen. It was up to me to decide, to look through all the preliminary evaluations of all the different possibly compatible worlds. The whole human civilization was now in my hands. Were they even worth saving? I look out my window at the grey and dark landscape... we really screwed up. Still, it is not for me to judge humanity. It is just my job to judge where they go next.

### Chapter 3 by Spirit



I kept looking. No, no. The others saw them as inhabitable worlds, but they were wrong. The

acidity levels were too high, the base chemicals were too abundant, the weather activity was too violent. My gosh, did they really see it that way? Well, you figured that they didn't see in the way that you did.

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I was flipping through the list of possible worlds when something strange happened. I looked up out the window, over the disgusting landscape that we once called our home. I was thinking about how the human race had screwed up in such an incredible way, and that's when I saw it.

It was a humanoid figure. No, not just a humanoid figure, a human being. Now, normally this wasn't odd at all, but the figure wasn't wearing any protective gear. The surface was uninhabitable, ever since nuclear war had hit our planet, it just kept getting worse. It was too cold out there to sustain life without life support. The weather was too intense for anyone to survive. The only way to even get to the surface now was through a restricted governmental entry passage, and this figure wasn't wearing the standard army green, instead it was a bright red. Bright red with black bands across his chest.

As soon as he was there, he was gone. I squinted, and then got back to work, my troubled mind not working as efficiently as it should have.

How was it possible?

#### Chapter 4 by William Jahnke



I kept searching through the files when all of a sudden an old file popped up on my screen. "Planet name : Mars Habitability: habitable." Mars... yes how could I forget about Mars! I guess we couldn't look outside anymore since we were all put inside the safety protection chambers or SPC as the government called it. There were tons of SPC centers scattered across Earth, hosting everyone they could. All the world's governments combined after the war, after seeing what they had done to each other. Anyway, I looked outside again towards the rugged landscape and all of a sudden I saw him again. The red suited man... the suit looked ragged and torn, as if he had been out there for a long time, that can't possibly be though because a single tear in the suit would have killed him out there. He started walking towards me, getting closer and closer to the window, while a bit shaken I knew that the glass was safe, definitely not fragile enough for human hands to break. When he got closer I noticed a badge on his uniform that said "United States Mars Expeditions". Mars... Once again I'm thinking about Mars, almost as if

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I walked away from the window, the planet outside too broken to look at for long. The sun rose over the fragmented ground and glinted off pieces of debris. The sky burned a pale pink, the color of the poison in the air. In a couple of hours, the sky will be a dark purple and too hazy to see farther than a few feet ahead.

The wind outside blew hard enough to shake the building as I turned away, making me stumble and grab the wall for support. As I did, an orange flash outside caught my eye.

It was the figure again, only a few steps away from the window. According to the details on their shredded jacket, they were a citizen.

I blinked, staring at them with fear and confusion. The wind outside was blowing at almost six thousand miles per hour, many times more than what should have killed them.

They reached the window slowly, their right hand outstretched as if it was a mirage. When their fingers collided with the glass, they pulled their hand backwards quickly.

Then they knocked.

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